

Student Review

BYU's Unofficial Magazine

year 3, issue 3

Provo, Utah

September 14, 1988

Study Criticized: UDOT Decides Provo Canyon's Fate

by Mark Freeman

Lillian Hayes, a Provo Citizen and Utah environmentalist, explained the value of Provo Canyon to the BYU community. "Besides the recreational value of the canyon, many BYU students use the canyon environment for their class studies. The fate of Provo Canyon is an important issue for BYU students.

Since 1968, Utah Valley has been battling the Utah Department of Transportation (UDOT) over the fate of US Highway 189—the Provo Canyon road. Now, after twenty years of controversy, two environmental impact statements and one law suit, citizens and UDOT seem to be agreeing on a road design proposed by the Provo Canyon Parkway Committee (PCPC), a group organized by local citizens to provide an alternative to UDOT's proposals.

UDOT Accepts the PCPC Alternative

According to Sammy Meadows, a member of the PCPC, "Governor Bangerter announced UDOT's acceptance of the plan on September 7th in Salt Lake City." She added, "UDOT has officially decided to go with the plan completely, except for minor design changes where the PCPC was not sure what to do."

The PCPC proposal came after four initial UDOT proposals. These four were explained in the Supplemental Environmental Impact Statement (SEIS) published by UDOT in July, 1988.

First was the Accessibility Alternative. It provided a "two-lane roadway as a minimum with a design speed of 40 miles per hour." This design's purpose focused on "providing access to adjacent recreation and residential areas," closely following the existing alignment of US 189.

Second was the Mobility Alternative. This design called for a "four-lane divided highway with a concrete median barrier. Designed for a speed of 60 mph, this alternative would emphasize through traffic movements for commuters and

long-distance travelers."

Third was the Multi-Use Alternative. It suggested a "four-lane divided highway with a median, no barrier, and a design speed of 50 mph." It was a compromise between the Accessibility and Mobility Alternatives.

The Mobility and Multi-Use Alternatives both departed significantly from the present road alignment.

The final option was the No-Build Alternative. With this proposal, the highway would maintain its existing alignment. "The present level of roadway repair and maintenance would continue and safety improvements would be limited to resurfacing, signing and striping."

The PCPC design is basically a Modified Multi-Use Alternative. Instead of abandoning the existing road alignment like UDOT's Multi-Use Alternative, the PCPC plan follows the old alignment as much as possible. In addition, the PCPC plan calls for ten foot instead of twenty-two foot clear zones (areas on the sides of the highway clear of vegetation).

Other features include revegetation proposals and a bike trail. The design speed for the PCPC plan is 50 mph. Also, the PCPC plan is expected to cost \$30-50 million less than UDOT proposals.

The PCPC plan was first proposed on August 18th at a public hearing to review UDOT's Supplemental Environmental Impact Statement. At this meeting, citizens and other officials were almost unanimous in their support of the PCPC's proposal.



SR-art by Cassie Christensen

On August 31st, UDOT agreed to spend \$1.1 million to build a park at the mouth of Provo Canyon. At the same time they agreed to devote another half million to revegetate construction areas.

Now, UDOT has agreed to pursue the PCPC plan in its entirety. Sammy Meadows expressed that UDOT's acceptance of the PCPC plan is "a real victory for Utah County citizens. It shows what can happen when citizens get involved in government decisions that affect their life."

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SAC: Working Together

by Sterling Augustine

With its first meeting on August 16, the Student Advisory Council became the newest functioning part of BYUSA. Because the SAC is new at the University its influence has yet to be felt. However, its possibilities can be inferred from the Structuring Proposal that was chosen by the student body last spring.

Particularly important to SAC's role in the University are two sentences in the Proposal for New Student Association: "Since the formulation of policy and governance of BYU rests ultimately with the University's Board of

Trustees, the student association at BYU is not a legislative body." (page 1, paragraph 3) and "This council [the SAC] can become a major influence in the University as the students give reliable advice, when issues are brought to the students for reliable input. [sic]" (page 2, paragraph 3) In other words, the SAC cannot mandate change in any University policy. However, there are at least two things the SAC definitely can do.

First, even if it can't mandate that opinion into policy, it can represent student opinion to the administration. The thirty-six members of the SAC are interested in telling what the

students think to those who can do something about it. At this point, having had only one meeting, the SAC hasn't had a chance to express much student opinion. However, a number of projects are already in the works. Specifically, a "hundred hour board" (A box where students can leave their name and number. A SAC member will get back to them within one hundred hours with the answer and tell them where they can go for further information.)

The SAC has established channels with the administration to voice its opinion and for the administration to come to the SAC for the

students' opinion. Whether or not they accept that opinion is up to them, but they will know where the students stand: "These recommendations will be forwarded...to the University personnel who can benefit or take action." (PNSA, page 5, paragraph 4) BYUSA hopes that "the university community will recognize that the students have something of value to say on matters of governance and that the community needs to know from the students how decisions will affect them before decisions are made." (PNSA, page 5, sidebar)

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Student Review

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Student Review is an independent student publication dedicated to serving BYU's campus community. It is edited and managed by student volunteers: BYU students from all disciplines are encouraged to contribute to the Review.

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ISSUES AND AWARENESS

Someone commented to me the other day that he didn't feel he could write for the *Review* because his writing style wasn't "sarcastic and caustic." Another person asked me if everyone on the staff felt the same way as an author who recently gave his reasons for not attending BYU football games. Both of these comments are symptomatic of a problem that the *Review* and other publications have, especially within the LDS community; readers assume that because a particular author or article states a certain perspective, the publication as a whole, and all those associated with it, adhere to the same idea. Few things could be farther from the truth.

It is sometimes easier to deal with the world around us if we place everything into tidy little packages, pigeon-holing groups, institutions, and people into simplistic categories like conservative, liberal, fascist, or radical. But these labels are often quite meaningless and vague, conveying only prejudice and lack of understanding. To stereotype the *Review*, as some have, as a crowd of malcontents or radicals displays an ignorance of what this magazine is about and what it has accomplished. There is simple irony in the fact that some have criticized us for being too critical.

If when reading *Student Review* some feel the political or ideological wind blowing more from one direction than another on a particular issue, it is most likely because people of that persuasion have made the effort to express themselves, rather than because the *Review* has taken a stand on the issue. We are here not here to grind an ax or pick a bone, but to facilitate a community of discourse to benefit the students, the faculty,

and the administration of this campus.

A community of discourse, even communication itself, requires a common understanding: mutually accepted premises and tacitly accepted agreements upon which we base our interactions. At BYU we have a clearly defined community because of our common understanding of principles and values. Hence, we have a greater freedom to discuss and comment upon those issues (such as religion) which are of paramount importance to life.

It may be important here to note at least one reason why people like myself are willing to write for the *Review*. We write because we have something to say, an idea to share, a thought to express, an experience to relate. It is more than an ego-born impulse to gain no-

Editor's Note

toriety; a writer wishes to share part of his life with others and in so doing enriches others' lives as well as his own. Because articles in *Student Review* are the product of individual expression and not something created by a group of editorial gurus, it is important for the reader to be cautious in the stereotypes and epithets she uses to describe the paper, and to allow each author and article speak for itself.

Once again, *Student Review* relies upon you, the members of this community, to contribute, to share your experiences of life through humor and serious reflection. Either through letters or articles, let us know how you react and respond to the university experience, the social life, and the religious reflection.

Yours,
m.e.Oates

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Hassan's Story

by Gary Burgess

Hassan works as a boab, a house servant, in the expatriot neighborhood of Cairo. He does well; he is a success story in his village, which he left when twelve to seek work alone in the city, working on the trains and sleeping in them at night. Now he wears western shirts and jeans and can buy his widowed mother back in the village nice furniture. Hassan has another story to tell—a story so sad that one hesitates to tell it. Amel was normal, and such that Hassan loved her and wanted marriage. But their marriage was tragic in a non-Western and, many would say, a non-Egyptian way. Those who knew her before the end, before the marriage and the beginning of Hassan's story, find it terribly sad. But sad stories serve an end in the telling.

Hassan spoke to me through a translator one hot night in July. He said he would never marry again. Smiling and convivial, it all changed when he leaned forward and started to explain.

"Why?"

"No like marry. Because of my story."

This is Hassan's story.

Though he had been married twice before, Hassan counted the days until his wedding. He sang when he worked. His new wife was nineteen, educated, and a virgin. She was beautiful with her dark eyes—and intelligent. Hassan was going to send her back to school to get a degree. She, Amel, was going to teach him to read and write. He made his comfortable, air-conditioned flat in Cairo immaculate for her coming—after the wedding in her village. He worked extra jobs to pay for the wedding. He knew he would be a good husband to her, that he could support her. And, if Allah allowed, they would have many children.

Hassan felt he really loved her and that Amel really loved him. He spent 2,000 pounds for the party, and it was a good one. He rented three generators for bright lights for the band to play under. They killed a cow.

That was in the afternoon. That night, after ten minutes of being alone together, she begins to get unbearably hot. She starts to sweat and shake. She says she wants to kill herself. She tells Hassan she can't stand anything, not even the ground, and she wants to die.

Hassan calls her family in. Her uncles and father start beating her, trying to knock some sense in her; but she says she can't stand Hassan, that she wants to pour kerosene over her body and light a match.

Back in Cairo, Hassan tells his friends over and over again, "Allah no love Hassan. Hassan no good." His wife is still in the village, where he left her with his mother. There she drinks three liters of water every day and complains about a fire inside her. When he returns to the village to see her, she says she can't stand to be in his presence. But when he's away, she misses him more than anything in the world.

When he brings her to Cairo, things are not any better. Around seven o'clock every night Amel regularly becomes feverish and then cold, feverish and then cold. She attempts suicide. She tells Hassan she can't look him in the face, because every time she does she sees a monkey's face with fire-eyes.

None of the medical doctors in Cairo can find anything wrong with Amel. The Islamic religious leaders they visit all charge forty or fifty pounds to tell the couple they can't be helped. Amel thinks someone has put a hex on their marriage. She thinks maybe one of Hassan's previous wives dug up a corpse and knocked a tooth out of it, writing their names on the tooth and then burying it again. Or maybe someone cut part of one of her dresses and hung it up in a tree with markings on it. Hassan then discovers some cloth missing from a jacket he uses, from underneath his arms where his sweat can be found.

Amel cries violently all day and every day. She cannot read the Koran; the words move up and down and back and forth. Sometimes in the home she cannot see or feel. One time, she cut her leg badly and did not

notice until Hassan came home at night from work. Hassan asks her why, why is all this happening, and she cannot explain. He asks her if she wants a divorce, and she says she does not. She says she loves him and needs him.

When Hassan is with his wife at night, he cannot make love to her. Not only does Amel resist as much as she can, but when they actually do come in close physical contact, Hassan loses all desire for her, and is "not a man."

Because of this, Hassan goes to a magic man, who spends three hours writing words on Hassan's body. He washes him with a special liquid. Afterwards, he tells Hassan he is okay and to go to his wife. He does go to her and she starts screaming and pulling her hair and crying as soon as he closes the door behind him and they are alone. That night, they sleep on opposite sides of the bed. Amel takes two valiums a psychologist gave her, but she still cannot sleep. She tries to get out of bed for some water and she collapses on the floor.

He asks her as she lays on the floor, "Is this fair?" She tells him she must go back to the village. The next day, she at first refuses to go to the village, then later demands to go. When they get there she wants to return to Cairo, but Hassan takes her to his mother's home. Amel says she cannot stay there, so Hassan takes her to her family's home.

When Hassan returns to the village twenty days later, Amel's uncle brings the two together to decide the issue once and for all. Hassan tells him, "I want my wife, but she does not want me."

Amel says to her uncle she loves Hassan and wants to live with him. But when her uncle tells her to leave for Cairo with him, she says she cannot live with him, that there is something inside of her she can't control. Amel's uncle brings a gun and tells her if she does not sleep with Hassan, he will kill her.

"It is better than living with this fire inside me," Amel says. Then Amel's father, grandfather and two uncles start beating her savagely. Outside where Hassan waits, he hears the screams of his wife and rushes in, starting to fight with his in-laws. He manages to untie her, taking her back to Cairo with him, where she receives medical care. She has bruises covering her entire body.

As Amel is gaining her health back, she is miserable in Cairo. Their friends look at her and see she is completely broken in spirit. The air-conditioned home is burning hot to her. The walls close in on her. Hassan looks like a monkey to her. He tries to touch her and she screams. She begs to return to the village, to her family, so Hassan takes her there. When they arrive in the village she wants to return to Cairo, but Hassan takes her to her uncle's house instead.



SR photo by Gary Burgess

The uncle tells Hassan to get his rights as a husband from her—by force. He leaves them alone, but Hassan can't do anything because of her screaming. Then the uncle returns with a stick with wires in it used to beat donkeys. He tells Hassan to leave. He does and starts to hear more screaming from inside. After breaking the door down, he sees his wife lying on the floor, covered with blood. Finding her not dead, they send for the maazun at the mosque.

The maazun asks Amel if she wants a divorce. She says no. He then asks Hassan if he wants a divorce, and he says no. "Shall I go?" the maazun says. He eventually leaves, after not being able to convince Amel to return to Cairo.

Hassan's story is finished. He tells us that to this day Amel lives in the village and is beaten regularly by her family. He will not divorce her, because if he does, according to Islamic law, Amel will get nearly all his possessions. And because of social pressure, he will also have to remarry, and he does not want another wife. The magic man told him he can never have a good marriage.

People that knew Amel in Cairo feel she has begun to lose her mind. In the village she has started biting people and hitting the children of Hassan's sister. The two families have built a wall between their homes. Amel is not happy, and her family is definitely not happy with her.

Look for another article concerning Egyptian life in next week's Review.

SAC from front page

Whether or not the procedure followed with Miss BYU will become regular procedure remains to be seen. But, as in most new organizations, the precedent established in the beginning is usually followed later.

The SAC will address issues from three main sources: First, BYUSA's presidency will come to it for input on proposed projects. Second, students can propose study on issues they feel important. Third, SAC members themselves will find issues to discuss. A few of the other sources are the Administrative and Faculty Advisory Councils, issues brought up at the soapbox (which starts today, Wednesday, on the checkerboard quad at 11:30), and various college councils.

When an issue comes before the SAC, a

committee will be created, whose size and deadline will be determined by the issue at hand. "The Student Advisory council will be organized into University and student committees as needed to respond to program initiatives from college councils, ward and stakes, and students at large." (PNSA, page 5, page 4) Inside this committee the bulk of the work will be done: It will gather student opinion and check the feasibility of projects, then submit a proposal to the entire SAC. The SAC will then discuss the proposal and come to a decision.

Note that it will "come to a decision." The SAC will not vote on any issue. It will "research, study, and discuss until it arrives at recommendations or means of addressing important campus issues." (PNSA, page 5, paragraph 4)

This year will largely determine the influence of the SAC. How much influence it attains will be determined by what issues it handles and how it handles them, but even more so by the respect that the administration, BYUSA and the students pay it. If current trends continue, its counsel will be respected and it will make an impact on the University.

While the SAC's influence on the administration has yet to be felt by the average student, its influence on BYUSA will be felt this October. BYUSA's presidency has asked for the SAC's opinion on Miss BYU. (Currently, the SAC is studying all sides of the issue from newspaper articles, internal memo's, personal letters and a number of other sources. I'm sure they would like to hear your opinion as well.)

CAMPUS LIFE

A Room With a (Poolside) View

by Glenn Haviland

A room with a poolside view really engenders some profound thoughts.

For example, were there to be a power outage in my apartment complex, we could tell time during the daylight hours by watching the mass of sweaty human sundials rotate as the sun moves.

The time of day, of course, dictates how many of these PABA purchasers congregate. Schedule of exposure:

9 a.m.-11 a.m.

As the sun peeks over the peaks, no-one (except one guy doing laps) bothers to enjoy the cooler morning sun. I guess I shouldn't be surprised. The water temperature at these hours is close to that beneath the ice of a frozen lake in Utsjoki, Finland.

11 a.m.-3 p.m.

Skin cancer club meeting. The rule of thumb is: if you want to see and be seen, risk an early death—or at least premature aging. For the most part, no-one gets in the pool to swim—only to dip. The whole scene resembles nap time (minus milk and cookies) complete with mats at the Nylon kindergarten.

3 p.m.-6 p.m.

The sun is low and the burning rays are less harsh. The party must be over. By six p.m. the pool area is like a ghost town. I swear, if you look closely you'll see tumbleweeds.

Someone always brings a boom box. I spent a morning listening to a substandard soul-pop album over and over, until (finally) my gracious musical benefactor was well-done and left. Others confuse moral lyrics with sound musical ability and listen to Afterglow and their ilk, such as "Hyrum Taft Johnson sings songs of love and missionary work." If it's not Afterglow, it's what a friend of mine calls "Utah music"—translated, that's Euro-pop such as Erasure or Howard Jones. On a good day, one can hear about four different sets of drum machine cymbal patterns weaving a drunken Mediterranean rhythm over the natives.

Sometimes I get the urge to run out and throw saran wrap over the huddled masses so the meat won't spoil in the sun.

A related sport to being a practicing Ultraviolet disciple is being a Levolor looker. Obviously the blinds must be left open only a little—to avoid suspicion of voyeurism. The danger of this technique is the strange horizontally striped retina burn one develops after. It's like every other line on a textbook page has been burned out by Darth Vader.

Heaven knows how many of the residents with poolside apartments knowingly impair their studies in this manner.

Some poolgoers, on the other hand, feign intent mathematics study as they peer over the top of their sunglasses, practicing home study Anatomy 101 observation labs.

I suppose I could just as well give up the crusade. Defeatist, I know, but somebody has got to take advantage of the eroding ozone. Besides, this kind of thing has been happening for ages. In Roman coliseum days, masses of onlookers used to convene just to see some Christian flesh. Swimsuits are another matter altogether. I'm not easily shocked, so I really don't care what kind of swimsuit a person wears to lay out in the sun. If exposure is the object, modesty is in the eye of the beholder. For example, for many Californians, any scrap of fabric would constitute modesty. What amazes—no—as-tounds me is the seeming majority of girls that don't try on their swimsuits before they purchase them. High cut suits are flattering to certain body types, to others the result is as aesthetically appealing as a rhinoceros wearing bicycle pants.

Aside from smelling like an oily pina colada, a distinguishing feature of the consistent pool goer is the zebra-striped tan obtained by sunning in the shadow of the iron rail fence. Very few realize the humorous potential of writing embarrassing phrases on friends' backs using suntan lotion. Take note, opportunists: potentially lucrative humor market.

On a good day, the cement surrounding the pool is totally obscured by prematurely aging skin. On these days the pool is as if a herd of herrings were massacred just as they reached the cliff. Perhaps they were all killed by an exploding coconut tree. Smells like it, anyway.



SR art by Jeff Lee

Skin cancer specialists are going to make a killing in the 1990s. I don't mean malpractice, either. There are going to be a lot of folks arriving at a premature mid-life crisis upon discovery of their first wrinkle. The cosmetic industry teems with wrinkle creams and de-aging potions reminiscent of a boom town medicine show. Headed toward a societal fall from grace like their defunct predecessors, the Aztecs, these sun god devotees sometimes forget that use of Retin-A (assuming it will be a bit more plentiful in coming years) means that daylight exposure is right out. Eat, lay out, and drink Calistoga, for tomorrow we buy the dermatologist his Porsche.

Educating the Non-traditional Student

by Luisa Gage

A little knowledge of football terminology can transport a coed into an entirely new and fascinating world...a world filled almost exclusively with men. Certainly few women, loudly though they may cheer, have any real notion about the strategy employed to win a football game. Designed especially for the sports minded coed, the following glossary presents a few football terms. If used wisely, this could become your passport into a man's world.

—"Woman's Page," *Football Journal*
October 17, 1964

While searching through an old trunk of mine, I came upon the above quote. I found it hilarious until I realized that the author was completely serious. This quote aptly illustrates a typical coed's focus in the mid-sixties: men. Contrast this with today's coed who is more likely aiming for self development or a fulfilling career. After reading this quote I was startled to find such a difference

in my own change of focus, particularly in the areas of my social life, grade point average, and goals.

For me, in 1964, life at BYU was almost purely a social experience. Joining the ranks of incoming freshmen, I came kicking and screaming. BYU was my mother's idea. I had little idea of what to do when I got here. After declaring a major, I registered for and began attending class. Classes were excellent places to meet men. Chemistry 100 was one of my favorites. Fifteen members of the freshman football team were registered in my section. My most serious dilemma was not memorizing the basic elements, but finagling a seat in the row next to a gorgeous football player. I failed the class, but had some great dates.

Male partners in language labs were more often potential dates than educational helps. Even teachers were fair game to the predatory coed, and I dated my French 102 teacher for a time. By his side at missionary reunions and campus activities, I provided attractive window dressing, while the prestige of dating a teacher enhanced my social

standing. Our last evening together typified a date with Monsieur Girard. He arrived an hour late. Rushing to his car, determinedly gallant, he opened the door for me. Unfortunately, in his haste to park, he was ignorant of the large puddle swamping the parking space. My evening slippers were instantly soaked. Wet slippers schlurping up the steps, we were ushered into the theater, where to my absolute amazement, I was shown to a seat directly behind Monsieur Girard. Sitting alone during the play, we met in the aisle during intermission. After our conversation covered the plot, the weather, and my French assignments, there was little left to say. After the play, Monsieur had planned to cap the evening with dancing. Even if my feet had been dry, the thought of waltzing with someone in elevator shoes was more than my vanity could bear.

My job also provided ample opportunities to meet men. In a cubby hole in the basement of the Wilkinson Center, I washed, dried and ironed those awful white aprons that everyone who worked for food services wore. Every evening, numbers of charming young men lined up before me to receive their red jackets. One night after the late shift, a delightful red-headed waiter invited me to the Skyroom kitchen, where we danced into

the wee hours to the orchestra providing the music for the private party in the Skyroom itself.

Study habits? I learned quickly which library floors were optimal for sleeping, eating, meeting people, and—I suppose—studying. One might wonder how these educational pursuits affected my grades. Miraculously, I was not placed on academic probation until my third semester at BYU. My grades ranged from mediocre to dismal, with the exceptions of French and ballet. Probation didn't matter, because by the time I reached this stage I was engaged. I dropped out of school and got married.

I, like most girls my age, was not seriously encouraged to attend college. I was taught that the main goal in life was to marry in the temple, raise as many children as was physically possible, and live happily ever after. I was registered as an English major with a French minor in order to sound serious, should any adult question my goals. I was vaguely aiming for a teaching certificate if "Plan A" should fail. College, for females, was a holding tank—a wonderful place to meet that mate. The girl who actually graduated without having snared a man was con-

please see **Student** on page 7

Eavesdroppings...

Student Review can be found at the following locations:

Raintree (1849N 200W)
 Branbury (1750N 450W)
 Carriage Cove (1729N 550W)
 Food 4 Less (Plumtree Shopping Center)
 Doves (470N 900E)
 Kinko's (7th East)
 Alexander's (820N 725E)
 Mouthtrap (1271N 150E)
 The Underground (Provo Town Square)
 Backstage Cafe (Provo Town Square)
 Someplace Else (Provo Town Square)
 La Dolce Vita (61N 100E)
 Central Square (100N 200W)
 Stevenettes (1290N University)
 The Pie Pizzeria (1445 Canyon rd.)
 Hart's (1429N 150E)
 Tommy's (100N 400W)
 Jim's Freeze (800N 475W)
 Crest (800N 700E)
 Crest (545N 900E)
 Doubletime (1730N State)

The Colony, Sept 6, 1988, 8:32 p.m.

Raving girl: "So I asked the clerk at the counter to go find this book I'm looking for. I swear, she was so rude. She's like, 'Well, I dunno, I don't think we have it.' So ten minutes later, she goes and looks for it and then comes back, and says, like, 'We don't have it.' I just wanted to flip her off!"

Amazed guy: "Have you ever actually *done* that?"

JKHB classroom; September 7, 1:33 pm

Grammatical Student: "Why do we use the subjunctive so often in our prayers?"

Caustic Professor: "Probably because we so often pray for things that are 'contrary to fact.'" *Walkway near MARB; September 12, 11:54 am*

Female RM: "Yeah, we were having this really deep discussion one time, and we decided that, in the pre-existence, people who really didn't want to come down and deal with all the hassles of life would probably choose to live in Bolivia."

Riviera Swimming Hole; September 5, 10:52 am

Spiritual Beefcake to Blonde: "Yeah, my favorite Book of Mormon story is Korihor—*No mercy!*"

Same Hole; Same day, 11:29 am

Wet Guy: "You remember that trip to the beach senior year?"

Dry Guy: "Yeah."

Wet Guy: "Well, I got really sunburnt that day and when I got home there were these white spots on my chest that flaked off and bled for like two weeks. It was then I knew I had skin cancer. Wanna see?"

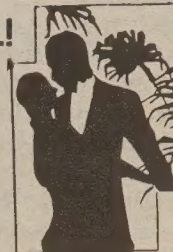
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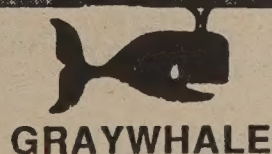
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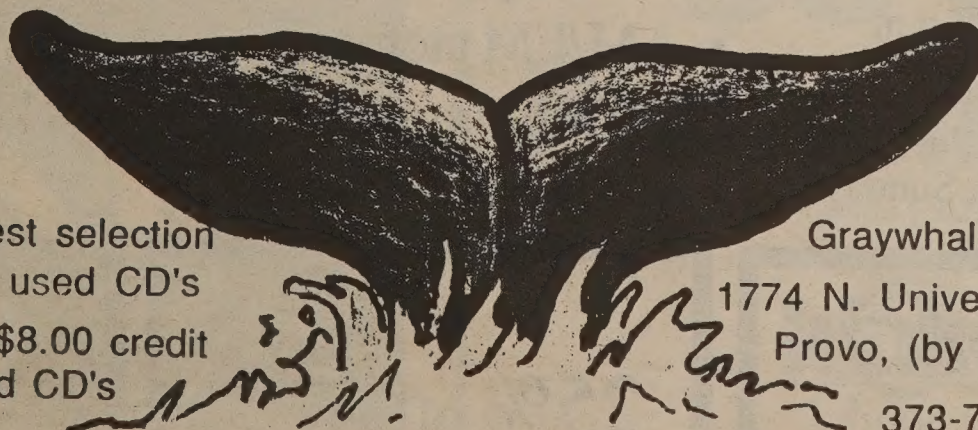
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Woeful Reminiscences of a Cute Kid

by Elden Nelson

Most of what we remember is dead wrong. Yes, I know that sort of throws a wrench into most of our theories of history, but I can prove it. Think about your childhood. Was it happy? Most of you just answered "yes." Well, you're wrong. See what I mean? Maybe I should go into more detail.

Up until last week, I thought I that my childhood was happy. That was all changed when I paid a visit to my hometown. While there, I started browsing through the garage. In the garage, I saw what I expected to see, to an extent. I saw that I wore weird clothes when I was a kid. No big surprise—I still wear weird clothes. I saw a bunch of old knick-knacks, paintings, and Christmas decorations which we no longer use, hang on the walls, or hang on trees, respectively. This isn't indicative of an awful childhood, either. In short, I spent a couple of hours in the garage and found hundreds of items which belong in the garage—but none of them made me sad.

Then I found another thing.

It horrified me.

It repulsed me.

It brought on a flood of revolting memories which I might otherwise have successfully repressed my entire life.

It was my "Baby Book."

I fully realize that Baby Books aren't intended to have the melodramatic effect I just described. They're supposed to make me and my posterity say "Awww, how cute," in the years to come—and I'm sure that my Baby Book would do just that. That's the problem. I was a cute kid. That may sound like bragging, but as this article unfolds, you will realize that this is more of an "Alcoholics Anonymous"-type confession. I was not just a fairly cute kid—I was really cute. I was always smiling and laughing and saying cute things. I was chubby (but not fat), had big, dark eyes, extraordinarily long eyelashes (which augmented the effect of my dark eyes), and rarely drooled. My Baby Book quite clearly brings across the point that I was a mother's dream—in other words, my life was living hell.

Still confused? That's because you're still thinking like an adult. Think, for a moment, like you did when you were a kid (especially any of you who have or will have kids in the near future). There is a dirt-clo'd fight happening in the vacant lot at the end of the block. You'd like to chuck a few clods, but your mom says, "You are not going out there, young man (my mom has called me "young man" since I was three. She still does). You have a photo appointment at JC Penneys in less than an hour."

My friends must have thought that I lived at JC Penneys. I was down there every month, posing in my latest cute suit (which was also bought at JC Penneys). I think my mom got a bulk discount.

So I have a lot of pictures in my Baby Book, and all of the kids on my block avoided me. the unspoken (but universally understood) rule is that if mom likes someone, he's a sissy. Besides that, it's no fun to

wrestle with a kid who's wearing a bow-tie. I tried to beat the image. First, I stopped smiling and laughing. No luck. All of the Relief-Society ladies still loved me. "What a solemn, reverent son you have, Sister Nelson!" they would say. I stopped saying cute things. In fact, I stopped speaking altogether, and became a glum introvert. Adults are terrible judges of character—they misinterpreted this, too.



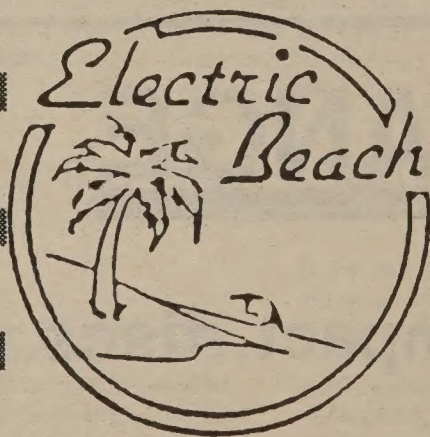
SR art by Amy E. Williams

"What a shy, thoughtful boy. He must have serious matters on his mind." Then they would titter, as if they had said something terribly clever, while I subjected them to a bloody, tortuous death in my mind—usually fire, or poison arrows.

The ultimate humiliation brought on the ultimate retali-

please see **Cute** on page 7

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Student from page 4

sidered socially inept.

Twenty-two years, five children, and a divorce later, I am back at BYU. For me, in 1988, life at BYU has nearly no social significance. Classified as a re-entry/non-traditional student, I occupy a nebulous place in classes where often everyone, including the teacher, is younger than I. My last date, nearly too painful to recount, was with a very short, balding, saxophone-playing Yugoslavian emigre, whom my children dubbed "The Date From Hell." Other equally disastrous forays into the social scene include trips to Salt Lake City to participate in that sordid meat market experience known as "The Singles Dance" or "Over 25 Night at the Bay." Squeezing in time for dating presents a challenge in itself. With a family, a full-time job, and homework, my hours are full to overflowing. Besides, who would I date? My botany teacher is married.

Since returning to the university, my GPA has vastly improved. With distractions such as men or potential dates removed, I find my classes fascinating, stimulating, and thought-provoking. After completing American Heritage recently, I read, with gusto, several articles that earlier I would never have touched: "Keynesian Economics," "The Marshall Plan in Europe," and "Paul Volker Resigns as Head of the Fed." Viewing a document on Watergate, many of my younger classmates were nodding in utter boredom, while I was totally absorbed. And the library—what a wonder. Without the distractions of home, and free from the necessity of knowing where to meet whom for what on which floor, I can study in blessed silence. Concentration is mine on any floor.

A friend I had not seen in quite some time asked me why I am back in school. I told her that I'm aiming for a teaching certificate. This is no conversational gambit; it is Plan A!

Cute from page 6

ation. I was seven years old. A woman with painted-on eyebrows (yes, I still remember her face) crouched down to my level, and said, in the squeaky voice adults use when they condescend to talk to children, "My, what beautiful long eyelashes you have—they make you look just like a pretty little girl!"

Now, perhaps here is where I should interject a pet philosophy of mine. I don't think that all kids who die before the age of eight should necessarily go straight to heaven. I was only seven, yet I was as mad as hell, and fully cognizant of it. In my mind, I used every swear word I knew on her—knowing exactly what they meant, and how they applied. I set her to fire and crushed her under a steamroller. But I could not actually berate her vocally—she was much larger than I, and looked like she could give me a good beating if provoked. When I got home, though, I took care of the problem. I found scissors. In less than a minute, I cut my girlish eyelashes down to a more manly level (My mom didn't think they'd grow back—which shows that she was much more naive than I. I knew that they'd require constant trimming). I didn't stop there, though. I took the scissors to task on my decidedly cute haircut, and resolved to get grass, mud, and blood stains on every outfit I owned that was even remotely cute. If I was going to break the "cute" mold, I would have to do it aggressively.

It must have worked. I notice that after age seven, there was a rapid decrease in frequency of photographs, until, at age twelve, I noticed that my mom would try to distract me so that I wouldn't notice when she went to JC Penneys to have a picture taken of the rest of my family. With the help of a pubescent case of chronic acne, I had pretty well overcome "The Cute Syndrome." But last week, someone pointed out, once again, that I have eyelashes that girls would kill for. Dammit, where'd I put those scissors?

Top 20

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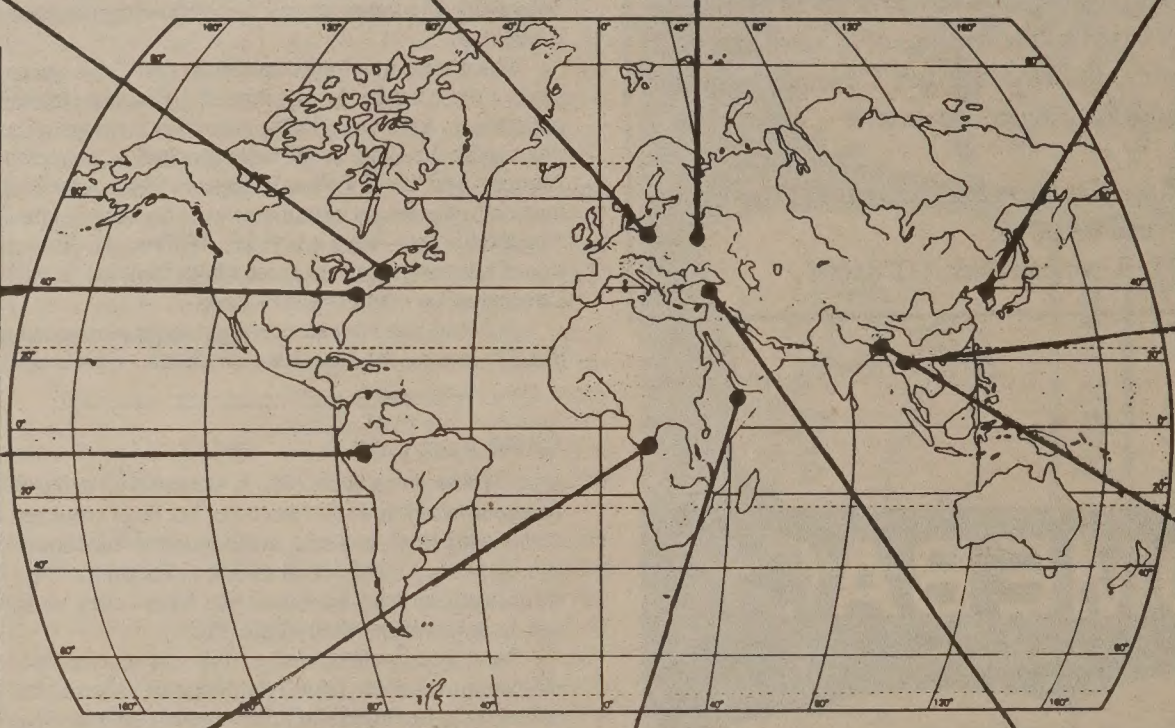
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THE WORLD IN REVIEW



USA, Boston
Christian Science Monitor begins nightly international news show September 12 with an innovative format of live broadcasts from Boston, Tokyo, Washington and London on the Discovery Channel.

POLAND, Warsaw
In the first meeting since the trade union was banned in 1981, Solidarity leader Lech Walesa and Polish government officials met to plan future discussions to solve Poland's continuing labor unrest.

USSR, Moscow
The trial of Leonid I. Brezhnev's son-in-law could become an attempt to publicize the detrimental effects of policies and management in Brezhnev's administration during the 1970's and early 1980's.

SOUTH KOREA, Seoul
Tension remains high as officials fear disruption of the Olympic Games by anti-government student demonstrators and possible interference by North Korea. The Olympics will begin September 17 and go through October 2.

USA, Washington D.C.
US military officials say Clyde Lee Conrad, a retired army sergeant, has given Hungarian spies US plans for allied operations in Europe.

BURMA, Rangoon
One million people demonstrated against President U Maung Maung's one party government. Crying for democracy, all 187 Foreign Ministry officials resigned from the ruling party.

PERU, Huallaga Valley
Environmentalists protest US plans to use pesticides on the world's largest supply of coca. The coca industry, is protected by drug traffickers and guerrillas, who are reportedly better funded than the Peruvian police.

BANGLADESH, Dacca
The worst monsoon rains in this nation's history have placed three-fourths of the country's land underwater and left 20 million people homeless.

CONGO, Brazzaville
Cuba, South Africa, and Angola are negotiating to resolve Angola's civil war between the Soviet backed Angolan government and the UNITA, supported by South Africa and the US.

SUDAN, Maglad
Civil war, famine, and locust plagues continue as the death toll reaches 8,000. Local Dinka's also suffer from looting, kidnapping, and crop destruction by the militia.

TURKEY, Cukurca
The US has charged Iraq with the internationally outlawed use of chemical warfare on Kurdish rebels. More than 70,000 Iraqi Kurds have fled into Turkey, many suffering from chemical exposure.



BYUSA's Calender of Events

SOAP BOX

SEPT. 14 Subject: Spirit of the Y
Every Wednesday 11:45- 1:30,
Checkerboard Quad
(Memorial lounge if bad weather)

UPCOMING EVENTS

- | | | |
|-----|-------|-------------------------|
| SEP | 13-16 | Volunteer Week |
| | 16 | Campus Party |
| | 20-23 | ELWC Week |
| | 23 | Club Metro |
| | 30 | Football Pep Rally/Game |
| OCT | 3-8 | Homecoming Week |
| | 14 | Campus Party |
| | 17-21 | Y-Vote Week |
| | 21 | Friday Night Live |

SPIRIT OF THE Y WEEK

SEPTEMBER 11-18



BYUSA
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SEPTEMBER 12-16

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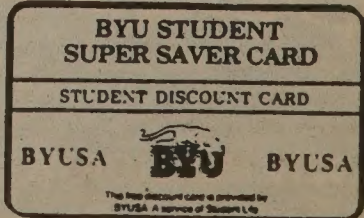
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EDITORIAL

A Warning to Freshmen

By Karen Sache

"Shut-up," a voice yelled, "you're not allowed to talk; you're worthless! We don't even want you; you're ugly and fat and I wish you would all leave. You're all a living nightmare." Blindfolded, we walked down the road, mumbling to ourselves how insane this all was, hoping that this actually was only a nightmare.

The night was cold and bitter as they loaded us one by one onto a truck, like some Nazi regime, and again the voice yelled, "Shut-up! We don't want to hear any noise." Our bodies were crammed together. Suddenly, the door slammed shut, and I heard the other girls screaming. They had let a cage full of mice loose in the truck.

My naive young mind couldn't figure out why I had inflicted this pain on myself. Why had I gone through four weeks of these inhumane activities? But I only had to hold on a little while longer, for this was to be our last

have to be at a designated spot by 6:00 am or 10:00 pm. Usually we just stood at attention while our pledge sergeants strained their voices yelling how much they detested us and what a miserable group of girls we were. They thrived in taking revenge on a group of freshmen because they received the same torture. Every year it is a power struggle; battle of the cruelest, with each new group of girls trying to make it harder than they had it.

I remember well one muster at Canyon Glen. Three guys from Samuel Hall Society were in charge of us for the evening. Their language was crude and repulsive. They told us we were fat, so they made us do a series of exercises. As we jogged by, they spanked us with a wooden paddle. They also told us that our breasts were not large enough and to stuff our bras with toilet paper. The members stood around laughing as if we were some orangutans at the zoo. The only difference is "orangutans are smarter!" Occasionally, one of the members would walk up to us

They thrive on taking revenge on a group of freshmen because they recieved the same tourture.

night.—Hell Night.

My first inkling of the degradation to come from my pledge experience hit me when the club president read to us the pledge rules: Pledges must wear a skirt every day. Pledges must wear garter belts. Pledges must not talk to or date boys. One of the clubs even had secret underwear that the candidates must wear at all times. During a talent show the club ran a spot check; the pledges had to pull down their skirts and display the "secret attire" on stage. Are you awake? At BYU they had to pull down their clothing in public! Pledges must also swear to secrecy. It is a damn good thing I don't swear.

Pledge activities consisted mainly of early morning musters where we would

and say, "Oh, keep it up! Don't worry. You're doing so well. You're so much more unified than we were. Hang in there; you're all so cute." Please!

Now it is all over. The pledge mistresses are my friends. I even get to call them by their first names. It is my privilege to eat lunch with them, at the round tables, and say things like, "Oh, I feel so grubby today in my Ralph Lauren outfit" or "Let's do lunch next week."

A year has passed since I originally pledged a BYU service club—or should that be social club. I understand the confusion. It is easy to misunderstand what the clubs are all about when the official title is service club, yet little service is provided. These so-called

services are used as a form of punishment which is inflicted upon it's pledging sisters and is never mentioned again or practiced by the members.

Within the next week all of the clubs will be having open houses where you will get to meet all your futurepartners in pain. You will probably see a slide show of all the fun social activities that occurred over the year, and if you are lucky, they might even sing pledge songs (ooh), but if they mention service, don't believe it for a second. If you wear the right clothes, have the right hair cut and fit the clubby mold, then your chances of being a PDG or a Kappa girl are pretty good.

The purpose of the service club was intended to provide the BYU students a way to get to know each other through service, yet they have become a sorority/fraternity centered around the elite. They have no real purpose, no real intent, just socializing with the rich and beautiful.

Pledging a BYU social club was a degrading and humiliating experience. The professed goal of unification and sisterhood could and should be reached in more uplifting ways.

Knowing what I know now, I would never do it again. Will you?



SR art by Jeff Lee

Woe unto Zion

by Lowell Bennion

This essay by Lowell Bennion, noted LDS Institute teacher, author and current Director of Community Services in Salt Lake City, appeared in the Jan.-Feb. 1978 Sunstone.

Near the center of the Salt Lake Valley at the end of a picturesque lane lives a little lady of seventy-five in a two-room shack. Her house is heated by a coal range which has a broken grate and a big hole between the fire box and the oven that prevents her from baking. The pipe from the stove to the chimney has a large crack that releases smoke and soot into her kitchen. She heats water for dishes and sponge baths on top of the stove. Since the drainage system doesn't work, she throws her waste water out the front door. Years ago a leaky roof rotted away the bedroom ceiling and caved it in, so she now sleeps on the living room couch and looks up at another ceiling that is bowed towards her. The kitchen floor is covered with pieces of linoleum to cover up the cracks.

Her Social Security income is about \$173 per month, so she can't fix up the house herself. Her husband died 19 years ago, her only son eight years later. She has two daughters—one divorced with four children, the other chronically ill with six children and a husband of modest means.

Less than a block away stands an LDS chapel where the faithful meet regularly to praise God, to take upon them the name of Jesus Christ, and to discuss the Lord's poor in priesthood quorums. A few miles to the east other Saints live in luxurious homes with bedrooms and multiple bathrooms.

While this woman's condition is extreme, it isn't wholly unique. In the Salt Lake Valley there are 58,000 elderly, over 65.22 percent (about 12,000) of whom live below the federal poverty level. They must go without food or heat or medical care to survive. How can these conditions exist in Zion?

Similar conditions were found in ancient Israel in the days of Amos (760 B.C.).

Large class distinctions had developed, a few people becoming rich while many suffered in poverty. The wealthy had no regard for the plight of the poor, but denied the poor their legal rights and served debtors into servitude. Amos, in the fury of the Lord, lashed out against those who lived in luxury, indifferent to the suffering of their fellow Israelites.

Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion, ... That lie on beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches, and eat the lambs of the flock, and the calves out of the midst of the stall; That chant to the sound of the viol, and invent themselves instruments of musick, like David; That drink wine in bowls, and anoint themselves with the chief ointments: but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph. (Amos 6:1, 4-6)

The scene Amos describes might be compared to a ward dinner or social. The Saints are busy enjoying the food and entertainment, and they do not sorrow for the suffering of their brothers. Somehow these affluent Saints lack any concern for those

beyond their eyesight who are in need. Perhaps the greatest modern convenience is the ability to insulate against the poor—to assume either that there are no poor nearby or that some church or government program will take care of them.

There is a couple in their sixties in the south end of the Salt Lake Valley who have had neither teeth or dentures for four years. They each have a pair of old misfit uppers they put in their mouths to go to funerals. The rest of the time they stay home, social isolates, surviving on soft and liquid foods. One set of dentures costs \$350, but the cost is not covered by Medicare. Most of the health needs of the elderly—tooth, eye, and ear care—are not covered by Medicare. Government programs are not the answer. The generosity of some physicians is not enough. Occasional fits of charity are not sufficient.

Another woman, an intelligent, cultured

Please see **Zion** on page 11

The Fight for Sisterhood

by Michelle Youtz

When I was a child, my parents would play the song "I am Woman" over and over again. By the time I was three, I had the words memorized. In fact, the above quote is entirely from memory. At three, however, I did not understand what Helen Reddy was saying to me and to all women. Although I still do not completely understand Reddy's song, I believe that now, more than ever before, I understand what she was trying to tell women. She was trying to give women the strength and the confidence to demand equality, to demand fair treatment and to demand understanding.

I believe that women and men are equal. Period. Because of this, I draw a certain comfort from the song "I am Woman". It gives me a sense of support and sisterhood. What I have not always realized, however, is the extent to which women today are still fighting the battles of inequality and discrimination. My understanding of equality may be so simple to some that it is hardly worth stating. But as I found this summer, our society lacks even a simple, fundamental understanding of equality.

During the summer I worked at the California Commission on the Status of Women as a student assistant. This title enabled me to experience all aspects of the Commission, from legislative activism, to public information, to the displaced homemaker's project.

I realized that any organization intending to improve the status of women in any jurisdiction must not only support equal rights and demand for women positions of power, speak of equal opportunity, and philosophically justify feminism. It must also actively involve itself in creating shelters for battered women, organizing child care for single mothers, educating women on how to protect themselves from sexual assault, proclaiming that all forms of sexual harassment are illegal, and financially assisting women who have been deserted and left to survive in the world that they have been

I am Woman
Hear me roar, in numbers too big to ignore
And I know too much to go back and pretend
Oh yes, I am wise, but it's wisdom born of pain
Yes, I've paid the price,
But look how much I've gained
If I have to, I can do anything
Yes, I am strong
I am invincible

protected from since birth. The women's movement must not lose its momentum, the need is not gone. Although the status of women is slowly improving, there is a long, long way to go.

In the area of employment, for example, women have just begun to show their numbers. Many women have excelled in traditionally male-dominated positions and fields, but the majority of women are still struggling in low-paying positions or are completely incapable of entering the work force because of the high cost of child care.

In fact, during 1980 in California, women held 77.2 percent of support jobs, 58.5 percent of service jobs, but only 33.4 percent of administrative, management and executive jobs. Perhaps most startling of all is that a woman in the United States made 62 cents for every dollar that a man made, and a mere 2.6 percent of women in the work force earned over \$25,000 per year.

Because most women are in low-paying jobs and single-parent families are on the rise, America is experiencing an overall feminization of poverty. A primary factor contributing to this trend is the prohibitive cost of child care. This forces many women to stay home and tend their children rather than enter the work force and support their children. In 1982, California specific statistics showed that 80

percent of families receiving Aid for Families with Dependent Children (AFDC) were single-parent households headed by women, and only 15.2 percent of absent fathers paid their child support. Millions of women and children today are struggling against poverty and hunger.

In addition to their economic struggles, women are struggling against domineering husbands and lovers that show their dominance through physical and mental battering. In 1983, nearly one-third of California's female-homicidal victims were killed by their husbands or sweethearts. And as always, rape threatens every woman in America. Women are sexually assaulted and harassed on the streets, on campus, in the work place, on dates and, most frighteningly, in their own homes.

One of my duties at the Commission at the Status of Women consisted of editing and inputting data for a woman's resource directory. The directory listed 1300 women's organizations in California. These organizations serve many of the needs of women such as battered women's shelters, child care resources, legal assistance (which includes restraining orders for violent husbands and fathers), rape and incest treatment programs, financial assistance programs and equal opportunity employment programs. The sheer number of women's shelters and treatment

programs were in themselves troubling to me. It seemed impossible that there were enough women today in such dire predicaments as to require the services that these 1300 organizations provide.

As I worked on the directory, a feeling of kinship and sisterhood developed within me for the many women that would hopefully use and benefit from its resources. I took the task very seriously, and sometimes, especially at the end of a long day as I began to get careless, I would imagine a desperate woman not able to find help because of an error that I made in an entry.

My experiences at the Commission on the Status of Women helped me to develop a new outlook on feminism. Feminism, as I now see it, is not merely a question of the abilities and potential of women. Women have already demonstrated their abilities. The world has witnessed the accomplishments of Gloria Steinem, Mother Teresa, Sandra Day O'Connor, Geraldine Ferraro and many others.

Feminism is a sisterhood, a sisterhood that (though it sounds odd) does not really exclude men. Rather, it can bond men and women together in a promise to help those trapped beneath a blanket of inequalities. Feminism for me is a source of strength, a source of hope. And it is this hope and strength I want to offer to all people so that equality can become a reality.

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Zion from page 9

lady of eighty-three, lives alone in her comfortable Salt Lake home. She is not in need financially, but she is nearly blind. Just cooking a meal is difficult, even dangerous for her. After she has eaten, she worries that she has forgotten to turn off the stove. When she answers the door, she wonders if it could be an intruder. Once a voracious reader, now she is unable to read her mail, write a letter or look up a number in the phone book. She sits alone hour after hour in a dark room reviewing her life again and again, trying to keep her mind from slipping into forgetfulness and aimless wandering. She longs for conversation. She would like to have someone read to her. Friends and neighbors are good to her, but their occasional visits make up only a small fraction of her waking moments.

Yet Latter-day Saint youth in the surrounding area have time for skiing, shows, popular concerts, television and sports events. In church the list of announcements often includes father and son's outings, Halloween and Christmas parties, even money-raising projects to finance a trip from Salt Lake to Disneyland. Seldom is a planned service project announced. It seems we are more often motivated by personal excitement and entertainment than by a sense of brotherhood and community.

In a village in Idaho a few years ago, my neighbor's haystack caught on fire and burned to the ground. It was his winter supply of hay to feed ten cows—his whole livelihood. Neighbors rushed to the scene, contained the fire with a bucket brigade, and saved his barn. Then they went home and each returned with a load of hay to rebuild their brother's stack.

Perhaps it is difficult in an urban society to reach out to the stranger, to the non-members well as the co-believer. but we must become personally involved. Our time and means are desperately needed, not only to build human relationships but to save the health and lives of the poor in our midst. Otherwise how can we escape the wrath of Amos or the condemnation of Jesus, who said in His day:

Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, Hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgement, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." (Matt. 23:23)



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ARTS & LEISURE

Welcome Willa!

by Willa Murphy

This week BYU hosts the Third National Symposium on American writer Willa Cather. Renowned Cather scholars from around the world have gathered on campus to participate in "Willa Cather: the Family and Community." We encourage our readers to introduce themselves to the world of Willa Cather by attending a lecture, browsing the photography exhibition, or, the best introduction, picking up one of her books.

When nine-year old Willa Cather (1873-1947) was uprooted from the secure green woods of Virginia and transplanted to the bleak, bare Nebraska prairies, she was overwhelmed with a discovery of, as she would later write through the eyes of Jim Burden in *My Antonia*, "nothing but land: not a country at all, but the material out of which countries are made. . . . Between that earth and sky I felt erased, blotted out." Perhaps my reason for liking Cather's fiction, beyond the fact that she is my namesake, comes from a similarly traumatic move from Boston to Provo five years ago. BYU seems somehow a fitting setting for "Willa Cather: the Family and Community," the Third National Cather Symposium, not only for the local emphasis on family, but also for the identification of most members of the BYU community with, when they reflect on their Utah desert environment, Cather's experience of feeling "erased" or "blotted out."

But the identification doesn't end there. Cather's fiction is "value-centered, with strong, fine people attacking materialistic values and crying for us to give our lives to ideals that are really important," says Cather scholar Marilyn Arnold. Her monumental characters—pioneers and priests, cowboys and Canadians, artists and Archbishops—move through landscapes scantily marked by humankind, pursuing some adventure or ideal. The Old World brushes up against the New when Europeans—Frenchmen, Czechs, and Scandinavians—find themselves pitted against and ultimately blending with the bleak and awesome American landscape. Father Latour in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, by the end of his life has fallen in love with the "bright edges of the world," the plains and deserts, where one could dissolve into "something soft and wild and free," become released "into the blue and gold, into the morning, into the morning!"

Cather's theme of the relationship of nature and culture dominates her fiction. *O Pioneers!* illustrates the development of farms and towns on the Nebraska prairie. When heroine Alexandra Bergson turns her face toward the "rich and strong and glorious" land, "the great, free spirit which

breathes across it, must have bent lower than it ever bent to a human will before." In *The Song of the Lark*, Thea Kronborg reflects on a Southwestern canyon after collecting fragments of Indian pottery: "The stream and the broken pottery: what was any art but an effort to make a sheath, a mold in which to imprison for a moment the shining, elusive element which is life itself—life hurrying past us and running away—to strong to stop, to sweet to lose?"

Neglected by academia for quite some time, Cather's fiction has lately generated significant and abundant criticism. Critics today recognize her as one of America's foremost female novelists, and American poet Wallace Stevens believed "We have nothing better than she is. She takes so much pains to conceal her sophistication that it is easy to miss her quality."

Cather's simple prose, her unmatched ability for description, captures humanity's relationship with the land. She effectively illustrates the energy of civilization—from the revival of Catholicism in New Mexico, to the extension of France in the arctic Canadian forest, and the discovery of honeycombed cliff dwellings in the Southwest. She gives a voice to the New World, finding something to be understood in the chaotic diversity of regions and peoples in America. Her prose celebrates the often unsung heroes and saints of our nation—Hispanics, French, and Indians. The key, she wrote in *My Antonia*, is to "become a part of something entire." This understanding, I think, makes her worth considering. At BYU, we might identify too with the lines on her tombstone: "That is happiness, to be dissolved into something complete and great."



from Willa Cather's Kitchen . . .

Harvest Beer

To make fifteen gallons of beer, put into a keg three pints of yeast, three pints of molasses, and two gallons of cold water; mix it well, and let it stand a few minutes; then take three quarts of molasses, and three gallons of boiling water, with one ounce of ginger; mix them well, and pour into a keg, and fill it up with cold water.

Led Zeppelin: An Electric Life Burns

by Scott Calhoun

No, your friends and roommates won't immediately embrace it. Robert Plant's high bluesy voice will resonate through all the pipes in your apartment complex. All of the Tiffany fans will flee. Jimmy Page guitar riffs will knock the Rick Astley right out of your dancing shoes. But before you dismiss Led Zeppelin as hippie music, clear your mind of bell bottoms, marijuana, and all the others sixties stereotypes, except a few purple tinted psychedelic clouds and let this 70's synthesis of rock, folk and blues flow through your body.

Most of us were in grade school at the pinnacle of Led Zeppelin's popularity. There I was on my way to 2nd grade in my purple corduroy bell bottoms and purple paisley shirt when I heard my first Led Zeppelin song. My teenage neighbors in

baggy cotton dresses with hibiscus flowers in their long hair were dancing wildly and loosely to "The Ocean."

Led Zeppelin released their first self-titled album in 1968, but they are generally thought of as a 70's band because of their relative obscurity in the U.S. until the mid-seventies. In the late sixties and early seventies they were overshadowed in the rock music press by bands such as the Who, the Rolling Stones, and the Beatles. The most turbulent and revolutionary decade of the 20th century was coming to a close and there were going to be a lot of refugees. Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco was about to close as rock music moved from the small club to the stadium. Producers were greedy, and audiences acquiesced to the large rock show format. Many faithful believers in the uniting power of rock music felt dispossessed, and searched for musical integrity. They found

it in Jimmy Page's guitar scales and Robert Plant's vocals.

Led Zeppelin almost solely carried the spirit of the sixties into the seventies, and although their later albums were more commercial, they never compromised and recorded anything approaching disco, as Rod Stewart did with "Young Turks." Two Led Zeppelin musical conventions were weaving acoustics and electric guitar together to let the music breathe, and Robert Plant's voice imitating Jimmy Page's screeching guitar to create a guitar simile. Their first six albums are simultaneously pure and reflecting, loud and raunchy, bluesy and mournful. This is the inspiration for today's heavy metal music. Forget Cinderella, break your Poison records, throw your Kingdom Come CD off a bridge; Led Zeppelin is the source. They achieved powerful loud music without all of the staging excesses and ludicrous cos-

tuming indigenous to today's heavy metal culture.

Toward the late seventies, Led Zeppelin succumbed to the trend of overstaging: too many lights and not enough raw energy. They lost their cutting edge. Curiously, this is the type of staging and music punk rock reacted against—eight minute songs, high operatic vocals, long endings and long hair. Punk responded with 22 second songs, speaking-voice vocals, dead stop endings, and skin head haircuts.

At this university, when addressing the subject of Led Zeppelin I suppose we have to consider Satanic influence. Yes, I have played my *Stairway to Heaven* CD backwards, but the only words I can make out are "little people walk fast." My seminary teacher told me the Devil was in that

please see Zeppelin on page 13

Twins from page 14

Also from 1984's *Into The Gap* album are extended mixes of "Hold Me Now", probably the Twins' biggest hit, and "Doctor! Doctor!" (not an ode to soft drinks). The remix of "Hold Me Now" is edited from the original 9 minute 45 second remix. The original mix, incidentally, is available on compact disc by buying the U.K. CD single for "Long Goodbye", from their *Close To The Bone* album. The "Doctor! Doctor!" remix included here is edited from the original 7 minute 50 second 12" mix.

On the cassette and CD, "Doctor! Doctor!" is followed by a remix of "You Take Me Up", the fourth single from *Into The Gap*. This remix, however, is longer than the original UK 12" mix, "You Take Me Up (Machines Take Me Over)".

1985's *Here's To Future Days* album contained another hit, "King For A Day". Instead of including an extended version of this one, *Greatest Mixes* includes a 6 minute alternate lyric version. The chorus, for example, is changed to "If I was king for just one day/I would give it all away for lovin' you".

The album closes with an edited 12" mix of the Twins' last hit, "Get That Love", from 1987's *Close To The Bone*.

Greatest Mixes is the kind of "greatest hits" collection fans dream of. Each inclusion is in a different form than is now readily available, and a few surprises are included, such as the alternate lyric version of "King For A Day".

Except for a couple of omissions, *Greatest Mixes* is an indispensable and enjoyable addition to any collection of '80s pop and/or modern music, perfect for late summer listening.

by Jeff Hadfield

Zeppelin from page 12

record. My roommate once spun a Dominos pizza box counterclockwise at about 2 a.m. and we both heard it say "drink beer and date loose women," but that is another story. I will not attempt to classify Led Zeppelin as Satanic or non-Satanic; I feel their music is as varied and textured, as good and as bad, as life itself. I will, however, quote the lyrics from "The Rain Song" on the *Houses of the Holy* album. You judge its inspiration.

*The second season I am to know;
You are the sunlight in my growing—
So little warmth I felt before.
It isn't hard to feel me glowing—
I watched the fire that grew so low.*

*It is the summer of my smiles—
Flee from me Keepers of the Gloom.
Speak to me only with your eyes—
It is to you I give this song.*

Whenever I wonder why I am living in the eighties, starving for a movement, a revolution, waiting for all of the BMW's in town to simultaneously catch on fire, waiting for someone to think an original thought and express it eloquently, I think of what Shelley said about the spirit of the Romantic Age in literature, that "an electric life burns" within the poet's words, and then I turn on Led Zeppelin and the Spirit of the Sixties awakens my sleeping spirit of revolution, and my mind flies.

Summer Record Reviews

Jerry Harrison: *Casual Gods* (Sire): ***. This record has one of the ugliest covers ever seen. Ignore the cover and listen to the music.

Harrison, 1/4 of the Talking Heads, mixes urban funk with the coolly detached feeling of the Heads' *Remain in Light*. The dance hit, "Rev It Up" (the 12" version is better than the lp mix), combines a driving beat with somewhat dark lyrics.

This is one of the most overlooked albums of the past 6 months due to the bizarre cover art and being overshadowed by the Heads' last release, *Naked*. Buy it and enjoy.

Thomas Dolby: *Aliens Ate My Buick* (EMI/Manhattan): ***. Dolby never ceases to surprise. Labelled a "techno-brat" after his first album, *The Golden Age Of Wireless* and its hit "She Blinded Me With Science", he followed up his debut with 1984's *The Flat Earth*, a more atmospheric album and less of a commercial success. *Aliens* is a step in another direction. Having moved from London to L.A. to work on various projects, Dolby spent the better part of the last couple years recruiting a band. After a limited California tour to tighten up material, he released this album.

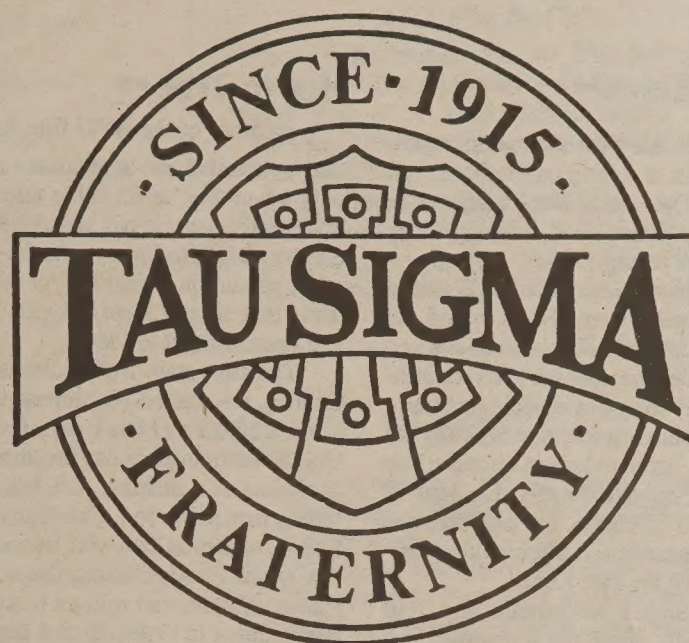
Whereas the previous two albums sounded more like Dolby the synth-wizard alone in a studio, there's only one song on this album that does—the epic "Budapest By Blimp". Most of the tracks here are one-take recordings of a well-rehearsed band. During his tour this summer, his record-perfect performances were a testimonial to this new sound.

The vaguely offensive "Airhead", along with the amusing and tasteless "The Key To Her Ferrari", start the album off. Dolby plunders more musical styles on this disc than most of us know about. For musical adventure, try this one.

The CD contains a bonus track, "May The Cube Be With You", previously released in 1985 in the U.K. Recording under the name "Dolby's Cube" with funkmaster George Clinton (who also appears on "Hot Sauce") as well as other artists such as Lene Lovitch, this track is the original 12" a-side and was a minor club hit.

by Jeff Hadfield

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"Someone to Love" 7:30 pm, 9:40 pm

Starts Friday:
Charles Bukowski's
tales of growing up
"Love is a Dog in Hell" 5:15 pm, 9:10 pm
A new cult classic!
"Killer Clowns from Outer Space" 7:00 pm, 11:00 pm

Review's Reviews

Stealing Home***

If you are looking for a blood and guts, edge of your seat or rolling on the floor type flick, best look elsewhere. But for a film that really leaves you feeling good, *Stealing Home* is a movie worth seeing.

Mark Harmon plays Billy Wyatt a would-be baseball player. He is willed the ashes of his childhood babysitter, friend and dream girl, Katie Chandler who has committed suicide. Billy struggles in deciding how to dispose of her ashes in a way best befitting her memory. He is forced to look in retrospect on his life, his destroyed dreams, his loss of innocence. Full of charm, the plot takes us through his humorous and often wild experiences of growing up with Katie.

Bravo to Steven Kappmann and Will Aldes who jointly wrote the screenplay and directed the film. The story is new and once you're in, you're hooked. The dialogue is natural and real, making high paced action unnecessary.

The casting is excellent and the performances believable. Jodi Foster's portrayal of the flamboyant Katie Chandler is intriguing and heartfelt and a far cry from the boyish portrayals of her earlier career.

The soundtrack is composed completely of recorded music of the 50's and 60's, used effectively to add to the general feeling of youth and the good old days. It is a movie about dreams and searching for happiness in a sometimes depressing world. *Stealing Home* is a story about stealing from life those moments that are worth remembering.

by Kieri Merrill

Hot to Trot **

A member of the BYU film faculty once told a class that she appreciates certain films only when they're on cable television. Nobody really wants to pay to see these films, but they're alright to have on in the background while vacuuming. *Hot to Trot* is one of those films that should have skipped the theaters and gone straight to video.

The film stars Bob Goldthwait as Fred Chaney, the spaced-out stepson of a crooked stockbroker (Dabney Coleman). Goldthwait's mother has just died and, much to Coleman's dismay, left her half of the family firm to her son. Goldthwait also inherits a horse named Don who, he soon discovers, can speak English, using the voice of John Candy. Goldthwait refuses to sell his half of the business to Coleman and begins to make wise investments according to Don's advice. The advice eventually goes off-track, leaving Goldthwait penniless, his only hope lying in Don's ability to win a race at incredible odds.

Try to imagine one of the hippies from the "Freedom Rock" commercials doing a Pee Wee Herman routine and you've just dreamed up Bob Goldthwait. Imagine Mr. Ed with a saddle bag full of locker room language and you'll have Don, the Talking Horse. Mix this with about a dozen solid laughs and add enough manure to fill the rest of the pasture and that's *Hot to Trot*.

Now there are funny moments. For example, Don's brother (a horse, of course) is plenty kooky as a TV addict who acts like one of The Three Stooges. But don't be fooled. The film is like a *Saturday Night Live* sketch extended about an hour beyond Goldthwait's ability to make a crowd laugh. Two stars because, seriously, it's worth seeing on cable and it probably won't take long to get there.

by Greg W. Anderson

Betrayed***

It really annoys me when publicity people tell me how I'll feel about a movie. "You'll be angry." "It will frighten you." The only thing that angered me about the film was that it was falsely advertised. If the director intended to make a political statement with his film, and I believe he did, he missed his mark. What he did make was a film about conflicting beliefs between two people who love each other.

Tom Berenger plays Gary Simmons, a red-necked hick on first glance, but we learn that he actually is a barbarian who hunts black people and hangs out with the white supremacists. Enter Debra Winger as Katie (Cathy) who has been sent by the FBI to investigate Simmons and try to link him with the murder of a Chicago DJ. (This is based on an actual incident involving the murder of a controversial Denver DJ.) Simmons is a family man who lost his wife 3 years earlier.

Matters get complicated when Katie begins to fall in love with someone she thinks is a real nice guy. When he finally trusts her, Gary takes her "hunting" and Katie learns the truth. Disgusted and frightened, she tries to bail out but the FBI puts the pressure on and she goes back in. Where will her loyalties lie?

Berenger makes an extremely likeable character out of someone not too many of us can relate to. His performance is one of the best of the season. Winger does an excellent job in one of her meatier roles.

Director Costas-Gavras (Z), seems to have wanted to make a political statement about the barbarian in all men, including good-guy FBI agents, but *Betrayed* is about individuals not countries. Because we get so close to the characters, it is hard to see the larger picture ramifications. The film neither angered or frightened me but it did satisfy me. The production values were often sacrificed for performance or money. Still, the film holds up well and I felt my money was well spent.

by Janelle Wilde

Young Guns **1/2

Bang bang you're dead. I waited a long time for *Young Guns*. Not since "Circus of the Stars" or "Win, Lose or Draw" had I seen so much hot young talent on one screen. Hoping to blow us away with sheer firepower, director Christopher Cain loaded every chamber of his sixgun. His ammo includes: Charlie Sheen, Emilio Estevez, Lou Diamond Phillips, Kiefer Sutherland, Dermot Mulroney and Casey Siemaszko.

Young Guns is the story of a cattle ranching war in the wild, wild, wide-open western plains of New Mexico in the 1870's. L.G. Murphy (Jack Palance) is the evil beef baron with the cash, muscle and a pocketful of corrupt officials to help him land the lucrative government cattle contracts. His only challenger is an honest and determined Englishman named John Tunstall who won't knuckle under to Murphy's terrorism. Because no cattleman in his right mind will work for Tunstall, he hires derelict and delinquent boys, the dregs of the frontier. He calls this collection of high plains driftwood "Regulators" and charges them with the protection of his land and livestock. In return he teaches them to read and write, act civilly, and gain some self-respect. Upon returning from a celebration one day, Tunstall and his fistful of regulators is ambushed by the Murphy gang and Tunstall is gunned down in cold blood. The boys vow revenge and spend the rest of the movie riding around together, getting high on peyote and carving third eyes into the heads of the Murphy gang.

Certainly not deficient in action or acting (surprisingly, the most memorable performances come from newcomers Mulroney and Siemaszko), *Young Guns* stumbles under the weight of its own ambition. Trying to be several movies at once, it misses the mark each time. As a revenge story it goes too far, as a love story it doesn't go far enough, its themes of palhood and loyalty aren't sincere and its hero, Billy the Kid (Estevez), is just too evil to like. Although *Young Guns* wears the white hat of a western, in the end it emerges as an exercise in ultraviolence and death in slow motion.

by Scott Siebers

Thompson Twins: *Greatest Mixes* (Arista): ****

It's hard to hate the Thompson Twins. They're too perky. The recent release of a greatest-hits collection, *Greatest Mixes*, reminds us just how many hits we've enjoyed from them. Even if you dislike them they command respect due to their craft in producing catchy melodies as well as developing a distinctive yet mainstream trademark sound.

Blending African-sounding percussion with the "new wave" electro-pop sound introduced a decade ago, this collection delivers to the dancefloor denizen as well as the pop devotee. In the years since their initial incarnation, the Twins have slimmed down from double-digit personnel to a trio: Tom Bailey, Alannah Currie (together in personal life, also) and Joe Leeway. In 1986 Leeway left the band, leaving only Bailey and Currie. Bailey and Currie were the song-writing core of the band (music and lyrics, respectively) while Leeway had taken care of the visual side of their presentation. This is the Thompson Twins' "Substance 1982-1987." Casual fans will appreciate the collection of all of their best-known hits on one disc, and Twins fans will appreciate the fact that the disc features 12" and alternate mixes previously unavailable on CD and unavailable without significant effort otherwise. Each track is worth considering individually.

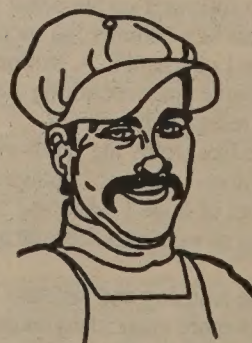
Continuing the 1988 British trend of re-releasing modern classics ("Blue Monday '88", "In The Air Tonight '88"), the Twins' latest single, remixed by Shep Pettibone, "In The Name Of Love '88" starts off the set. The 12" single contains a whole bunch of new mixes as well as the classic "b" side "Passion Planet" (originally on the U.K. 12" single of "You Take Me Up").

The extended mixes of "Lies" and "Love On Your Side", from the 1983 album *Side Kicks* (originally named *Quick Step and Side Kick* in the U.K.), are next. These were originally available on 12" single as well as on the cassette version of the l.p.

The U.S. extended mix of "Lay Your Hands On Me", from the 1985 album *Here's To Future Days*, follows, breaking chronological sequence. On the cassette and CD, an extended mix of "The Gap" comes next. From the *Into The Gap* album, this 8 1/2 minute mix was previously available only on US promotional 12" single.

please see **Twins** on page 13

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THE CALENDAR

Friday, September 16

LECTURE:

Willa Cather Symposium:
"Death Comes for the Archbishop: A Novel
Way of Making History," with Ted J. Warner,
2:15 p.m., 2254 Conference Center, HCEB

THEATRE:

"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center
Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 484-9257
"I Remember Mama," Heritage Theatre, Perry
Tickets: 723-8392
"Six Women With Brain Death (or Expiring
Minds Want to Know)," Center Stage Theatre,
8:00 p.m. Tickets: 478-9801

FILM:

Varsity:
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Late Night: "Arthur," 11:30 p.m.
Varsity II:
"Appointment With Death," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
Film Society:
Alfred Hitchcock's "Marnie," 7:00 & 9:30,
214, Crabtree Tech. Bldg.
\$1.00 with Student Activity Card
International Cinema:
"Lonely Man's Voice," 3:15 p.m.
Lecture 5:00 p.m.
"Final Take," 5:20 p.m.
Question and Answer 7:30 p.m.
"Jean de Florette," 8:30 p.m.
NOTE: Mr. Yoji Yamada, Director of "Home
From the Sea," "Family," "Final Take," and "A
Distant Cry From Spring," will lecture on "Final
Take" and then, after the film, will have an
hour long question and answer period.

MUSIC:

Utah Symphony, Strauss, Stravinsky
Tchaikovsky, Joseph Silverstein conducting.
Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Info: 533-6407

PARTY:

2nd Annual Bachelor's Ball! Hosted by the
Honors Program. Maser Building lawn, 6:30
p.m. Tickets (available at 350 MSRB for \$4.00
single or \$7.00 couple. After the 13th they go
up to \$8.00. No tickets at the door.

SPORTS:

Women's Volleyball, BYU Beehive Classic, SFH
& RB. Info: 378-4908

Saturday, September 17

THEATRE:

"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center
Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 484-9257
"I Remember Mama," Heritage Theatre, Perry
Tickets: 723-8392
"Six Women With Brain Death (or Expiring
Minds Want to Know)," Center Stage Theatre,
8:00 p.m. Tickets: 478-9801

Bargain Culture

Here's the scoop on student tickets for this fall:
Utah Symphony has gone up to a whopping
FOUR BUCKS! but don't despair, because
Ballet West has finally come through and now
offers student tickets for only \$4.00 also. And,
you can purchase both Utah Symphony and
Ballet West tickets at their respective box offices
any time! SO, if you really want to impress your
date, here's your chance to do it. To aid your
noble efforts, the Symphony is starting their
season with "Don Juan," and the Ballet with
"Romeo and Juliet." No man in his right mind
would miss an opportunity like this.
Symphony Hall: 123 W. South Temple, 533-6407
Capitol Theatre: 50 W. 200 S., SLC, 533-5555.

FILM:

Varsity:
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II:
"Appointment With Death," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
Film Society:
Alfred Hitchcock's "Marnie," 7:00 & 9:30,
214, Crabtree Tech. Bldg. \$1.00 w/ I.D. card
International Cinema:
"Jean de Florette," 1:00 & 7:30 p.m.
"Final Take," 3:30 p.m.
"Home From the Sea," 5:40 p.m.
"Lonely Man's Voice," 10:00 p.m.

MUSIC:

Utah Symphony: Strauss, Stravinsky &
Tchaikovsky, Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Student tickets: \$4.00, 533-6407. Note: student
I.D. is required to purchase each student
ticket. Tickets may be purchased at the
Symphony Hall box office, 123 West South
Temple, SLC.
Organ Recital, SLC Tabernacle, 4:00 p.m. Free!

CULTURE:

Oktoberfest, at Snowbird. 2:00- 6:00 p.m. Free!

SPORTS:

Women's Volleyball, BYU Beehive Classic, SFH
& RB. Info: 378-4908.
Football, BYU vs. UTEP, Cougar Stadium, 12
noon.

Sunday, September 18

Music:

George Benson at Symphony Hall, SLC., 7:30
p.m. Tickets: \$15.00, 17.00, 19.50; call 363-
7681.
Organ Recital, SLC Tabernacle, 4:00 p.m. Free!

Culture:

Oktoberfest, at Snowbird. Free of charge. 2:00-
6:00 p.m.

Monday, September 19:

Theatre:

"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center
Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 484-9257
"I Remember Mama," Heritage Theatre, Perry
Tickets: 723-8392

Film:

Varsity:
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II:
"Appointment With Death," 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.

Small Party:

Sunset: 7:38 p.m. Provo Canyon, first right up
hill for a good view. Bring a sackdinner and a
friend. L. M. & S.P. are available.

Tuesday, September 20:

Lecture:

Honors Module: Harold E. Rosin on Cervantes
'Don Quixote', 241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Theatre:

"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center
Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 484-9257

Film:

Varsity:
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema:
250 SWKT
"Walden," 3:15 p.m.
"Billy Budd," 3:35 p.m.
"Manon of the Spring," 5:50 p.m.
"Walden," 8:10 p.m.
"Billy Budd," 8:30 p.m.

Club:

Children of Abraham, a club for all those
interested in Jerusalem and Israel, especially
Study abroad alumni. 347 ELWC, 11:00 a.m.

ART EXHIBITS

Rembrandt etchings from the BYU Permanent
Collection, The Art Gallery, HFAC, open weekly
9:00 a.m.—5:00 p.m. with extended hours
Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays until 9:00
p.m. FREE!

"Cave Dwellers," art by former art students, B.F.
Larsen Gallery, HFAC, through September 30.
Sketches, paintings and sculpture by Mahonri
Young, Monte L. Bean Museum, through Oct. 8.

Wednesday, September 21:

Lecture:

Honor's Module: Steven C. Bule on Italian
Renaissance Painting and Sculpture, 211
MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
Information Management Lecture, "The
Emergence of Personal Programming," David C.
Thomas, President, Sequel Corp., 710 TNRB,
2:00 & 4:00 p.m.

Theatre & Dance:

"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Ballet West
at Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S. SLC, 7:30 p.m.
Student tickets: \$4.00 with I.D., 533-5555
World of Dance, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC,
7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D., ext. 7444.
"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center
Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 484-9257

Film:

Varsity:
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema:
250 SWKT
Lecture 3:15 p.m.
"Walden," 3:45 p.m.
"Billy Budd," 4:05 p.m.
"Manon of the Spring," 6:20 & 8:40 p.m.

Soapbox:

Come listen, come participate! Free speech in
action, 12:00 p.m., checkerboard quad.

Thursday, September 22:

Lecture:

Honor's Module: Michael Call on Flaubert
Madame Bovary and French Realism, 241
MSRB, 6:00 p.m.

Theatre & Dance:

"Sally Loved Me," Margetts Arena Theatre,
HFAC, 7:30 p.m. Tickets: ext. 7447.
"Romeo and Juliet," presented by Ballet West,
Capitol Theatre, 50 W. 200 S. SLC, 7:30 p.m.
Student tickets: \$4.00 with I.D., 533-5555
World of Dance, de Jong Concert Hall, HFAC,
7:30 p.m. Tickets: \$3.00 w/ I.D., 378-7444.
"Six Women With Brain Death (or Expiring
Minds Want to Know)," Center Stage Theatre,
8:00 p.m. Tickets: 478-9801
"See How They Run" (comedy), Hale Center
Theatre 2801 S. Main Street, SLC, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 484-9257

Film:

Varsity:
"Three Men and a Baby," 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema:
250 SWKT
"Manon of the Spring," 3:15 p.m.
"Walden," 5:35 p.m.
"Billy Budd," 5:55 p.m.
"Manon of the Spring," 8:10 p.m.

Club:

Sky Diving Club! All interested persons invited.

The Calendar welcomes submissions. Please
call Connie Moore 377-0924 or send
information to P.O. Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602

Provo Canyon from front page

What About the Environment?

While agreement has been reached among some groups, others feel that significant problems remain with the SEIS.

Paul Cox, an associate professor of botany at BYU, reviewed over two hundred environmental impact statements as a former staff ecologist for the Utah Transportation Environmental Council and later the Utah MX (missile) Coordination Office.

States Cox, "UDOT's environmental impact statement is one of the worst I've seen. It does not satisfy National Environmental Protection Act (NEPA) requirements."

Jim Naegle, a locations engineer in UDOT's Salt Lake office, coordinated the SEIS for Provo Canyon. He feels that "some people will find fault no matter what UDOT does. These people aren't environmentalists, they're obstructionists."

Sam Rushforth, also a professor of botany at BYU, has reviewed the SEIS's vegetation analysis. "The vegetation report is terribly inadequate. From the technical vegetation supplement, it seems that the entire study of vegetation study in the canyon was done in two days."

"It consists of xeroxed, hand-written field notes and incomplete data sheets. The data in the vegetation analysis are insufficient to even begin to evaluate the environmental impact of construction on the plant communities in the Provo Canyon."

These oversights could have significant impacts, according to Rushforth. "Increased salinity from a larger road could have a very damaging impact on the aquatic communities of Provo Canyon. Also, there is no analysis of the impacts on river algae in UDOT's SEIS. This is an incredible oversight. Algae is the basis of the aquatic food-chain in the canyon."

Naegle feels that the vegetation analysis in the SEIS is adequate. "The entire SEIS was performed by Howard, Nettles, Tammen & Bergendoff (HNTB), a consulting company in Bellvue, Washington. We [UDOT] took Bellvue's word that the vegetation analysis was sufficient."

Cox has identified other potential hazards overlooked by UDOT. "Toxic waste is shipped to New Mexico through Utah. Chemical/biological weapons are shipped from Rocky Mountain Arsenal in Colorado to Dougway Proving Grounds and Tooele Army Depot in Utah. Also, yellowcake uranium is continually transported in and out of Utah."

"What if a truck hauling a load of these hazardous materials crashed on the newly proposed bridge and spilled into Deer Creek? Much of Salt Lake's water supply would be poisoned. UDOT does not consider these scenarios in the SEIS."

Naegle admits this, but claims that not everything can be considered. "NEPA suggests that an SEIS should be limited to three hundred pages. UDOT's Provo Canyon SEIS is well over that. We needed to limit the length of the document."

"When the Provo Canyon is improved, US 189 may be a more attractive route for the transport of hazardous cargo. But laws can be applied to limit access to trucks carrying hazardous cargo," Naegle added.

Rushforth and Cox are both worried that UDOT has failed to consider additional environmental impacts on Provo Canyon stemming from new construction in Heber Valley. Specifically, the SEIS does not evaluate in detail the impacts of the improved U.S. Highway 40 from Silvercreek Junction and the Jordanelle Dam constructions.

According to Cox, "If this project is part of a larger east-west corridor, NEPA requires UDOT to conduct a comprehensive environmental impact statement. They have not done this. They must especially consider impacts on con-

necting arterioles such as 8th North in Orem and U.S. 40 from Heber."

Naegle denies that NEPA requires a comprehensive SEIS. "NEPA does not require our SEIS to include analysis of other projects like the Jordanelle Dam."

What About Safety?

Most agree that while environmental impacts are important, the primary issues are safety and congestion. States Naegle, "UDOT's number one concern in Provo Canyon is to increase safety and decrease congestion."

According to the SEIS, "Twenty-four fatal accidents over a seven-year period from 1979 to 1986 is stark evidence that US Highway 189 from Olmstead Junction to Heber City must be improved."

The SEIS also compares Provo Canyon accident rates to the typical Utah two-lane highway with similar traffic volumes from 1983-86. Although the SEIS claims that Provo Canyon accident rates are 40-80% higher than the typical, the numbers in the SEIS table seem to indicate lower accident rates (SEIS, pp 1.2-1.3).

According to the table, between 1983-5, accident rates were 37-70% higher. In 1986 accident rates were only 11% higher.

UDOT officials have no official explanation for the dramatic decrease in accidents in 1986. But Naegle said, "New construction in the lower part of the canyon may explain the decrease, but it is probably just a statistical anomaly."

Accident rates in the upper half of Provo Canyon have never been significantly higher than the typical. Between 1983-86 accident rates from Wildwood to Heber averaged 7.3% above the typical, with the highest in 1985 (27%) and the lowest in 1986 (-20%).

Another problem with the SEIS safety analysis are the statistics analyzing accident cause (SEIS, p 1.9). Five independent variables are listed as causes or circumstances of accidents between 1979-86. The sixth category in the table is Other. But it is also the biggest category. In fact, 38.2% or 333 of 872 accidents had an unspecified cause or circumstance in the SEIS.

Nancy Rushforth, an Orem citizen involved in the Canyon issue, expressed concern over this grouping. "It is difficult to realistically evaluate the causes of accidents when the biggest group in the statistics aren't even specified. How do we know that construction will address these mystery causes?"

Jim Naegle of UDOT did not know why the Other category was not broken down further. "Again, the consulting company did not pass on any additional information. I assume there was no advantage in breaking down the category further."

Naegle continued, "The primary reason for accidents in Provo Canyon is the geometry—sharp curves and inadequate highway exit and entrance, for instance. The road needs to improve for safety to be improved."

Again, the SEIS statistics don't seem to be consistent with UDOT's claims. Of the five specified causes of accidents, three would potentially be addressed by road improvements: *Turning & Parked Vehicles, Geometry, and Road Damage*.

These account for 239 of the total 872 accidents between 1979-86. This equates to 27.4% of the total.

The largest independent category is snow/ice. It accounts for 206 or 23.6% of the total. The other independent category is deer & other animals. It accounts for 98 or 11.2% of the total.

Nancy Rushforth stated that "while construction may decrease some causes of accidents, it may increase others. For instance, accidents caused by road problems may decrease

with an improved road design, but the same design may increase accidents caused by snow and ice. The new design may place more of the road in the shade, increasing the amount of time snow and ice remain on the road."

Rushforth continued, "Of course, this is only speculation. But the SEIS doesn't consider such issues. No attempt is made to address post-construction safety in the SEIS. Absolutely no attempt. So, Utah County citizens are left to speculate."

Professor Rushforth echoed this concern. "There is no consideration of the safety issue in the SEIS after the proposed improvements are made. It may seem obvious that four-lane divided highways are safer than two-lane undivided highways, but if the road attracts more traffic, especially truck traffic, you could end up with increased numbers of accidents. That means less safety."

According to the SEIS, trucks do seem to be a key safety variable. While trucks were only involved in 10.7% of total accidents between 1979-86, 50% or forty-seven out of ninety-three accidents involving trucks result in personal injury or death. 33% or eight of the twenty-four traffic fatalities in Provo Canyon involved trucks.

HNTB, the consulting company employed by UDOT, conducted a survey at the Utah-Wyoming border in an attempt to project increased truck traffic. They found that 12.8% of interstate truckers prefer Provo Canyon to Parley's Canyon under present conditions. They project that after US 189 is converted to a four-lane highway, 18.5% of interstate truckers would prefer Provo Canyon.

This represents an increase from eight to eleven trucks per hour. If local truck traffic is added, at least ten more trucks per hour would be added.

Sammy Meadows, member of the Parkway Committee, claims that the PCPC plan will maintain many of US 189's present features. "The PCPC plan was designed according to parameters for rural roads instead of urban roads. This means that some of the curve and grade will be sharp and steep enough to discourage truck traffic."

But there is another problem. "The SEIS fails to evaluate safety impacts on 8th North in Orem and University Avenue in Provo. How can UDOT be concerned with safety when they fail to look at these issues? No effort is made to demonstrate safety improvements in the canyon after construction. It is absurd," states professor Rushforth.

Jim Naegle justified the absence of post-construction safety projections. "Usually a design safety report is conducted to determine the effect on safety. This report is basically a safety comparison with similar projects already completed. It was difficult to do this here because we were looking at four different alternatives."

Naegle was also sympathetic to the concerns expressed over the impact to 8th North and University Avenue. "The SEIS may be deficient in this respect. If so, the impact in these areas will be evaluated."

Concerned citizens have until September 15th to submit written concerns to UDOT. Any concerns submitted in writing before this time must be addressed by UDOT in the final draft of the SEIS, due to be published later this year.

While many still see potential problems with Provo Canyon construction, a strong consensus seems to exist for the PCPC modified multi-use proposal. Professors Rushforth and Cox both provisionally support the PCPC plan.

Stated Rushforth, "It's probably not the most environmentally sound alternative, but it is better than UDOT's Multi-Use or Mobility Alternatives. Ideally, the No-Build or Accessibility Alternative would be chosen. But politically, the PCPC plan may be the best compromise."



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